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Those Days



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Chapter 1 by Audrey Simmons

You know those days when you feel so disgusting that you want to rip your insides out with your bear hands? That was today, and it was all thanks to last night.

Chapter 2 by Armadillo



It started last night at Jade's end-of-year party. Ford had way too much champagne. I mean, yeah, the bubbles were great, but Ford *really* overdid it.

So I took him to my house, 'cuz no way was I letting him drive in that state. He crashed on the bed and I took the sofa. Didn't sleep all night, damn pillows were so stiff.

Anyway, next morning I wake up to Ford's heavy as hell bulk on top of me, beer breath washing over me. I wanted to puke. I pushed him off, and then I realized he was bleeding. Hard.

Write a draft for chapter 3 of 8

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